The Need of the Month — Czechoslovakia

THE EUROPEAN HARVEST FIELD

The Field Is the World

Say not ye, There are yet four months, and then cometh harvest? behold, I say unto you, Lift up your eyes, and look on the fields; for they are white already to harvest. — *John* 4.35.

Go ye therefore, and teach all nations, baptizing them in the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost: teaching them to observe all things whatsoever I have commanded you: and lo, I am with you alway, even unto the end of the world. Amen.—*Matthew* 28.19, 20.

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Published Bi-monthly by the American-European Fellowship
for Christian Oneness and Evangelization

15 Philipse Place Yonkers 3, N. Y.

VOLUME XXVIII
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CATHERINE RUTH SMITH, Editor

Ring out, wild bells, to the wild sky,
The flying cloud, the frosty light:
The year is dying in the night;
Ring out, wild bells, and let him die.

Ring out the old, ring in the new,
Ring, happy bells, across the snow:
The year is going, let him go;
Ring out the false, ring in the true.

Ring out the grief that saps the mind,
For those that here we see no more;
Ring out the feud of rich and poor,
Ring in redress to all mankind.

Ring out a slowly dying cause,
And ancient forms of party strife;
Ring in the nobler modes of life,
With sweeter manners, purer laws.

Ring out the want, the care, the sin,
The faithless coldness of the times;
Ring out, ring out my mournful
rhymes,
But ring the fuller minstrel in.

Ring out false pride in place and blood,
The civic slander and the spite;
Ring in the love of truth and right,
Ring in the common love of good.

Ring out old shapes of foul disease;
Ring out the narrowing lust of gold;
Ring out the thousand wars of old,
Ring in the thousand years of peace.

Ring in the valiant man and free,
The larger heart, the kindlier hand;
Ring out the darkness of the land,
Ring in the Christ that is to be.

—Alfred Tennyson, *In Memoriam.*

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A Garland of Friendship and Memory

Literally hundreds of letters have come to the offices of the American-European Fellowship in the past few months, expressing condolence, friendship and good wishes. While they have all been answered personally, we take this opportunity of thanking the gracious writers again, and of reprinting, either in whole or in part, as many of these messages as possible.

F. SPENCER JOHNSON

From Eldon House, Croydon, Surrey (England), that staunch friend of European mission work, F. Spencer Johnson, writes as follows: "To Dr. Catherine Ruth Smith and the loyal helpers I send this promise: HE IS ABLE TO DO EXCEEDING ABUNDANTLY ABOVE ALL THAT WE ASK OR THINK, ACCORDING TO THE POWER THAT WORKETH IN US" (Ephesians 3.20).

From Ralph T. Davis, of the Africa Inland Mission (Brooklyn, N. Y.), comes this message: "The receipt this morning of the memorial number of THE EUROPEAN HARVEST FIELD is the first notice I have had of the home-going of my good friend, Norman J. Smith. We thank the Lord for years of rich ministry and much fruitfulness. We pray for the Fellowship in these days, that God will minister to the mission and its personnel, and you may be assured that I speak on behalf of our mission family as a whole when I say that we remember loved ones and friends at a time like this, realizing with them that God makes no mistakes, and that though He takes His workers, the work moves on."

George T. B. Davis, of the Million Testaments Campaigns (Philadelphia, Pa.) writes: "It was only a few days ago that I learned of the home-call of your dear father. Praise the Lord that he is now with the Saviour whom he loved so dearly and served so valiantly. May the Lord comfort your mother and yourself as He alone can comfort His children! May I pass on to you both a part of the verse that gave me the greatest comfort when my mother went to be with the Lord? It is a part of John 14.28: 'If ye loved me, ye would rejoice, because I said, I go unto the Father: for my Father is greater than I.' So I felt I must rejoice that my mother was in the land of eternal glory, where there is no more sorrow nor crying, nor tears, but joy and gladness and blessedness for ever and ever."

Another long-time friend, Rev. J. H. Davies, of Zion United Church (Hamilton, Ontario, Canada), says: "Sorry am I to learn of the decease of your splendid husband and father. They go one by one. The magazine was truly a grand testimonial of what he was accomplishing for the world and his beloved Master. May you be comforted in your loneliness, knowing that your loved one is in good hands, and a reward will be granted for his faithfulness."

Sofia, Bulgaria, December 18, 1946.

My dear Dr. Smith and friends:—

The family letter, addressed to all the missionaries of the Fellowship, has just reached me. My heart and the hearts of my loved ones at home were deeply grieved by the terrible news of the death of Brother Norman J. Smith. In the first moment I simply could not believe my eyes, but soon I realized that the news was actually true. My heart was broken with sorrow, for Mr. Smith was one of my dearest personal friends, one who understood me the best, and who had the missionary work of Bulgaria very near to his heart. Those of us who have known and loved Brother Smith for so long naturally have a deep feeling of grief in our hearts. Yet when God called him he was ready to die, as he had always been to live. To respond to God's call was far better for him. Please accept our deep and hearty family sympathy in this loss of your precious father. May our Heavenly Father comfort your heart and ours. May the beautiful memory of his Christian life and example be always before us, and inspire us for a full and faithful service unto God.

For me it is a wonderful happiness, that the dear officers of the Fellowship have arranged for you to take the place of your father. You have been so closely connected with him and with the entire work of the American-European Fellowship—it is the best thing which could have been done. I wish you great success in the wonderful work in which God calls you to serve Him. My prayers and love you will have always. God bless you most abundantly.

The life of Rev. Norman J. Smith was an inspiration to me. As I think about his beautiful Christian life, many lovely memories are coming into my mind. I almost see his well-shaped figure, his noble face, his wise and gentle eyes—all have made an enduring impression upon me, which I shall never forget in life. People who leave such impressions in the minds of others are the great personalities, the noble characters, the real souls in history. Yes, Brother Smith was one of those persons whom, once having seen, you cannot forget, just as you cannot forget after seeing some beautiful picture or statue.

He was a real spiritual aristocrat. His gentle attitudes toward all people, his sense of duty, his deep humanity, his faith and love for God the Saviour, and for the Church of Christ, were the first things in his life. He was a real God's worker. I do not believe that his mind or soul was ever cut off from our European mission work to crave for anything which had no connection with the cause. He was grown together with the work of our dear American-European Fellowship. And with what consecration, with what stubbornness, with what patience, and with what persistence he carried on his work at the office! Yes, indeed, he was a man of faith and of works!

He was a very good and gentle man, too. Such people today are very rare. His heart and soul were always opened to help either us, the missionaries on the field, or the needy ones in all parts of the world. There can be no death for such a man.

PAULINA NIKOFF.

Berisso, Argentina, January 3, 1947.

Dear Dr. Smith:—

On account of the Christmas and New Year holidays, we held special services with programs in different parts of our wide field, and I was absent very often. I could not answer your letter sooner, and I am sorry for that.

Your letter addressed to all missionaries of the American-European Fellowship, dated November 15th, was received in due time, containing the very sad news of the passing away of your dear father, the Rev. Norman J. Smith. We were very sorrowful to hear this news. We wish to express to you and your dear mother our most hearty condolence. May the Lord Himself console and strengthen you both in this sorrow. We shall miss your father in the work very much. But the Lord knows best. "For my thoughts are not

your thoughts, neither are your ways my ways, saith the Lord" (Isaiah 55.8). And again: "For none of us liveth to himself, and no man dieth to himself. For whether we live, we live unto the Lord; and whether we die, we die unto the Lord: whether we live therefore, or die, we are the Lord's. For to this end Christ both died, and rose, and revived, that he might be Lord both of the dead and living" (Romans 14.7-9).

Your beloved father did wonderful work for his Lord in his earthly life, and good reward is waiting him. We are always grateful to God for the privilege we had for many years of laboring together with your father in the Lord's vineyard. We can never forget his fatherly care of us always, and especially during the trying times in our missionary work in different places. His prompt help and encouraging letters meant so much to us. Just listen to his touching and dear words to us in his last letter of October 12, 1946:

"My dear Brother John: In my heart I would like to have a visit with you at least every week, and listen to your problems, your opportunities, and the blessings the Lord provides. If I ever started on a journey to Argentina, I know I would find a terrific pile of mail on my desk on my return. And there are inquiries and emergencies which call for immediate answer, so such a journey is off.

"But you are in my prayers as often as I bring any of our workers before the Lord for protection and provision for their needs. Europe's countries, with hardly any exceptions, are in great difficulties, and we continue to send clothing, shoes and foodstuffs to every worker with all the gifts our friends send in. We have a splendid food package of about 28 pounds which will be delivered for $10.00, and we try to send one of these monthly to every worker who is in great need. Part of them cannot accept monthly allowances; in other countries the allowances are impounded, and a definite sum is allowed weekly toward living expenses," etc., etc. This shows how much burdened he was for workers and how he tried to do all he could to help them all.

Now we are so glad, Miss Smith, that you are to serve as Secretary-Treasurer. May God bless you always. Be sure of our prayers for you.

Very sincerely yours,
MR. AND MRS. JOHN KOVALCHUK.

Biel-Mett, Switzerland, December 7, 1946.

Dear Miss Smith:—

Your letter of the passing away of your dear father reached me yesterday. Through some friend I was informed a few days before. Although we have now and then heard of his illness, it surprised us, touched our hearts deeply. We have been in touch with each other some twenty-one years. Kindly accept our sincere sympathy in this, your sorrow. We are deeply concerned about the future development of the Fellowship, and have earnestly prayed about it, in this present strategic possibility of missions in Europe.

Yours in Christ,
FRED STETTLER.

Bratislava, Czechoslovakia, November 22, 1946.

Dear Friends in Christ Jesus:—

"Blessed be God, even the Father of our Lord Jesus Christ, the Father of mercies, and the God of all comfort; who comforteth us in all our tribulation . . ." (II Corinthians 1.3, 4). Thank you for your kindness in remembering me here, so far away, and sending me the sad news of the sudden death of dear Rev. Norman J. Smith. It was the more sorrowful for us, for just at the same time the postman delivered a parcel which had been sent by him in September.

Our sympathy and prayers are with you. No words of comfort can help. But the God of all comfort alone can comfort us. We are praising God that dear Mr. Smith did not have to suffer, and that he is with the Lord already and can see our blessed Saviour face to face, and rejoice with Him.

May I be allowed, my dear sister, to tell you that I can understand your sorrow and great loss the more, as I was deprived of my most beloved through deportation and concentration camps. May our blessed Lord comfort you and bless you.

God is blessing the work and our endeavors for Him here. We contact new groups of Jews and Gentiles, and many children, and all are eager to hear that God loves them and wants to save them.

Sincerely yours in Christ our Lord,

ROSE WARMER.

Pisek n. Otavou, Czechoslovakia, December 12, 1946.
(*translated from the Russian*).

My dear Sister:—

I thank you heartily for your communication of November 23rd, which grieved us deeply, on hearing that your dear father and our brother in Christ, Rev. Norman J. Smith, had left his service on earth and had gone home, to the heavenly fatherland. But the will of God be done in everything! We hope that you will continue the work of your unforgettable father, and in token of our sincerest sympathy, though far away, I fervently press your hand.

With hearty greetings, I remain, Your sister in Christ,

OLGA KVASHENINIKOV.

Not until today did we know of the translation of your loved one, our dear friend of many years. We could scarcely believe the tidings that we read with sorrowing hearts, and yet with joy for the richly fruitful life and the "triumphant entrance" into the "life that is life indeed" of this dear saint of God's. We want to send you our hearts' sympathy in your great sorrow. We know that with all the loneliness and void, there must be a great thankfulness for a life so filled with outstanding service to Christ. Mr. Smith's lovely spirit, his charity for the weak, his eager helpfulness, his God-given wisdom and steadfast confidence in his Lord, have left a blessed and fragrant memory in our hearts and in the hearts of all who have known him. We thank God that He took him so gently, and hushing him to rest on earth, let him awaken in heaven, in that Presence where is fullness of joy. May His deep comfortings be yours, and His grace and girding for the days and the tasks ahead, until the day break and the shadows flee away; and so shall we ever be with the Lord.—L. D. A., New York City.

Times in God's hand and steps ordered by Him are the right of His children. Our discovery only today of the news in THE EUROPEAN HARVEST FIELD came at a time when, alone together, we could speak to our Father of His loving-kindness to you all. Such happy recollections spring up at the mention of your dear one, who had the gift of being brotherly-kind, as we know so well. Our every touch is sweet to remember. God's Word endures for ever, and "because I live, ye shall live also." So we believe to see the glory of God.—A. G. A., New York City.

As I have prayed for your father, I will pray for you—that all you need in faith, in insight, understanding and strength will be yours. We will miss him; and I pray grace will be given you and your mother to bear the loneliness. This line from a hymn kept coming to me, as I thought of him: "This day the noise of battle, The next the victor's song." I am so thankful that your father is with Him.—E. B., Vashon, Washington.

It was only recently, upon receipt of the latest issue of THE EUROPEAN HARVEST FIELD, that I learned of the passing of Brother Smith. I became acquainted with Mr. Smith when we had almost adjacent offices at 156 Fifth Avenue. He was an example to me of real faithfulness in the things of Christ. I have lost a good friend, but we rejoice in the fact that there will be a day of gladness, when we shall all be together again. May His strength and wisdom be yours.--L. T. B., New York.

Please accept my heartfelt sympathy in your bereavement in the home-calling of Rev. Norman J. Smith. I will say that I felt a pang in my heart when I read how he had departed from this earth; I feel, as it were, that a friend has left us, because he was a saintly man, true to the Lord. But I am glad his daughter has taken up his mantle. May God give you wisdom and strength in all the problems that will arise, is my prayer.—J. E., Portland, Ore.

We were grieved to learn of the great loss to you and the American-European Fellowship in the home-going of your father. But we can never feel sorry when a saint is promoted and goes in to see the King.—N. M. H., Pasadena, California.

Thanks be to God that He is able to comfort you and your mother in your sorrow. While I was sorry to hear of the home-going of Rev. Mr. Smith, yet for his sake we can be glad. How wonderful when the children are able to carry on the work of their parents! May the Lord continue to bless and guide you.—E. S., Lehighton, Pennsylvania.

I know there are thousands, far and near, who with you will mourn his passing from our midst, but we know that for him it meant the entrance into the joy of the Lord whom he loved and served faithfully and long. I, with many others who read THE EUROPEAN HARVEST FIELD, knew him as fearless in his stand for what he felt was right, and he lived it as he labored to be a friend to man, in the name of the Lord. He always extended to others, through its pages, the fullest of his experiences, and my life has been enriched by his noble and just counsel. We will all feel the loss of this beloved Christian leader. But we know his noble work will remain and follow on as a monument to his memory.—C. S., Waxahachie, Texas.

We were greatly shocked to receive the news of the home-going of your beloved father. We do not recall that we have ever met him personally, but we knew him from the letters which we often received from him. May the Lord comfort you and the family in your hour of loss and bereavement. What a wonderful thing it is to know that our loved ones who fall asleep in Jesus depart to be with the Lord, which, the Apostle tells us, is far better.—E. G. Z., Chicago, Illinois.

The following poem was written by Mr. Smith's cousin, Rev. Robert E. Gibby, to his Uncle Frank (Captain Frank S. Smith, father of Norman J. Smith), on the death of the latter's wife, years ago.

The weary mile, the dreary while,
The sunset fading in the west;
The feeble step, the things that fret,
Are tokens of the coming rest.

The joys that were have ceased to stir
The heart that's looking for the new,
And love's young song with those agone
Is silenced in the evening dew.

But joys that beat a swift retreat,
Departing, point with friendly hand
Toward those to come, past setting sun,
In yonder blest reunion-land.

So, weary soul, so near thy goal,
Bid evening shadows take their flight,
And in God's love thou still may'st prove,
"At eventide it shall be light."

THE NEED OF THE MONTH—CZECHOSLOVAKIA

It seems wise to present, from time to time, the needs of specific countries and causes, that our readers may be able to pray and cooperate more understandingly. Of course we do not presume to dictate, but merely seek to guide your meditations. This time, the "Need of the Month" is for the work in Czechoslovakia. Other fields will be presented for your special consideration in succeeding issues.

Czechoslovakia presents a fertile and challenging field, fraught with peculiar difficulties. The tasks of Christian workers here, interrupted by the war, have been taken up anew. A great work is under way, which cannot survive without our prayerful cooperation. It rests with us to say whether this land shall be lost or won for Christ. Here labor our valued co-workers, Miss Rose Warmer and Rev. and Mrs. Victor Kvasheninikov, whose loving messages to us you have read in the earlier pages of this issue. We are looking forward to the day when we may again undertake full support of such trusted workers as these. Here the Lord's time is in your hands.

To Czechoslovakia, a year ago, there returned our faithful missionaries, Rev. Charles Lukesh and his wife Edna, who during the war years have been laboring for the Lord in Minnesota. They were welcomed by their daughter Tabitha and their associate, Miss Marie Hollas, who had a story of long-time privations to tell. Not one step of their way has been easy. Mr. Lukesh's letters during the past year have related, first, the difficulties of entering Czechoslovakia, then the problem of securing and transporting the equipment needed for the Lord's work, and finally the many difficulties which confronted them on reaching their destination.

Writing from their old headquarters in Znojmo, Mr. Lukesh speaks of the tasks of moving, and the official difficulties encountered, which have led him to work nightly until twelve or one o'clock in order to make up for lost time. At the latest report, the authorities had still made available to them only a part of their house, though the space is greatly needed for meetings and consultations. There is need of a duplicating-machine for use in their work, but its cost and the expense of shipping it present serious problems.

Tabitha describes her work in school, where she studies English, Russian, Czech grammar, mathematics, drawing, chemistry, geometry, geology, natural science, geography, political science, music and gymnastics—in rooms where the broken window-glass has been replaced by cardboard, to keep out some of the winter chill. She writes of her pleasure at receiving some chocolate and vitamins, in a land where everything is rationed, even salt, and where every item of food and clothing must be carefully treasured. In earlier letters, Miss Hollas spoke of performing "miracles" in making a small amount of meat go a long way. Sugar and fats are also very scarce.

But the work of the Lord goes on. The people have welcomed Mr. and Mrs. Lukesh with tears of joy. "Books would have to be written," he says, "to describe what the Czech people suffered during the occupation." Terrible stories are told of the rule of the Gestapo. Despite the efforts at restoration, the evidences of the war are still plainly visible everywhere. There are many accounts of seemingly miraculous escapes from bombings. It is almost impossible to have ruined houses rebuilt.

There is much work to be done, and the resources are inadequate. Mr. Lukesh could use a car if he had one, in order to visit more towns and hold meetings there. People say to him, "We are waiting for you to resume the tract publication." They have no radio. The common things of everyday life, which we in America take for granted, are still lacking in this war-torn land.

Now read our last letter from Mr. and Mrs. Lukesh, written in January, 1947:

Dear Prayer-helpers:—

About a year ago we packed up, preparatory to returning to our former mission field, Czechoslovakia. We praise the Lord for His faithfulness in overruling the many difficulties in the way. It is a blessed remembrance, how He rolled the cloud away, put down the obstacles, and opened the closed doors.

The Gospel is still a power to heal the broken-hearted. Most people do not see the need for salvation, till their hopes are crushed, and they need more than mere consolation. Mrs. B., in the days of her vivacious girlhood, did not have time for the claims of God upon her. Only when she saw her mother's last days brightened by the Bible we provided for her before leaving, did she begin to realize the need of religion. But then she married a Nazi soldier, and life looked bright, till he had to go to war; then she lost her two children, and finally her husband was declared missing. No wonder that all was crushing her, but then we also began to hold our meetings, to which she was drawn from the experience of her mother. She truly found comfort and peace for her soul. The Lord hears those who seek him with a whole heart, and thus she heard lately that her husband is interned in France. Of course, she is looking forward to a reunion with him, whenever possible. As German citizens, they will have to seek refuge elsewhere. That means we will have to lose her from our circle, but she will carry the Light further on.

At the beginning of the year we had to go to Prague, on behalf of our passport extension. On the way we had the usual experiences with our fellow-travellers, as well as some visiting that we had time for, while waiting at the offices. One remarkable experience was the result of passing out tracts on the street-car. Two girls entered and walked further on, but returned to ask questions about the tract. They even went beyond their station, to the stop where we were to get off. Seeing their interest in matters of the Bible, we persuaded them to go with us three more blocks, to a bookstore of the Salvation Army, where we could talk, as it was 20 below zero on the street. The lights having been cut off, we talked about the Word of God by candle-light. They seemed to have an endless stream of questions, and especially insisted on having the Book of Revelation explained to them. After giving them the general outline, I promised to send them a chart and some further explanations. That may be our first endeavor at printing again, if the paper can be made available.

What strikes us are the oft-repeated pleas by the police to stem the growing corruption among the youth. Gross immorality, thievery and robbery are increasing. Movies and all kinds of entertainment are in full swing. It is interesting that inquiries keep on coming, if we have resumed our tract work, and that from people who have read some of our messages ten years ago.

As to the articles of clothing that have so kindly been given, so much time is taken in fixing them up for individual needs, that we cannot write separately about them all. One woman, given orthopedic shoes that just fitted her, felt so good that she said, "I want to go to sleep with them on." All may not be so appreciative, but we do all as unto the Lord, and not unto men.

Then we have to gather most of our Sunday School children from the street, and it is a task for Mrs. Lukesh to handle forty or more at a time. They want to come during the week also, and we are short of rationed fuel, not to speak of other supplies.

But praise the Lord for evident signs of His grace working among us, and that encourages us to keep on. before the night cometh, when no man shall work. We look to Him for blessing, and to you for upholding us, for we stand, as ye hold fast.

In His glad service, yours,

MR. AND MRS. CHARLES LUKESH.

"AND OTHER SHEEP I HAVE . . . THEM ALSO I MUST BRING"

In stressing, this month, the needs of Czechoslovakia, we would not have you be unmindful of the labor of love wrought by the missionaries of the Fellowship in other lands. Here, too, the needs are great, and your sustaining prayers are requested. We present as many letters as possible below; further news of these missionaries will be found in succeeding issues of THE EUROPEAN HARVEST FIELD.

Tel Aviv, Palestine, December 23, 1946.

Dear Brother Smith:—

During the last year, 1946, the clinic treated 16,579 patients. There are no official statistics, but it must be borne in mind that many patients pass unregistered. There are days when the nurses are unable to record every patient, because of the strain of the work. On the other hand, there are many who are treated by the staff "occasionally" outside the clinic. The doctor and the nurses are called to the homes of the patients. And what is most characteristic, the doctor from the clinic is often stopped by people on the street, who know him by sight, and who begin to complain of their illnesses and ask for medical help and advice. In such cases the doctor, after a short verbal examination, prescribes on the spot a medicine (on a piece of paper torn from his pocket note-book), or goes himself with the patient to the nearest pharmacy and instructs the chemist how to prepare the medicine. I imagine that you in America are not accustomed to such things, but here (especially in connection with our clinic) matters are different. So the real number of patients per year who are treated by the staff of the clinic is in fact larger than the official statistics compiled during the process of the work in the clinic proper. The staff has now an "outside clinic" work as well, and this branch of the work is increasing. I suppose (and I think I suppose not in vain) that should we have a car, we would be able by the Lord's grace to develop the work on a larger scale than now; at least a small car to be on the spot with the nurse in cases of emergency, and for many other useful purposes.

The work is really blessed by the Lord. We feel the power of the prayers of many children of God in different parts of the world. Last Saturday we had an unexpected guest, a brother from Oslo, Norway, Mr. Per F. Hansen. During the war he was in great danger, sheltering Jews and saving them from the hands of the Germans. In the long run he was obliged to flee from his native country to Sweden; he is an archaeologist, and is now on a short visit to Palestine. He watched our work and was present in the meeting in the clinic where Professor Marcinkovski, who came with him from Haifa, gave his address to the patients. Mr. Hansen said that there is a group of believing doctors in Norway who are regularly praying for the Lord's work, and on his return home he will tell them about our work here and interest them for prayers.

Wishing a Happy New Year under God's blessing,
Yours in Him,

JAMES YUK.

Biel-Mett, Switzerland, November, 1946.

Beloved Friends in Christ:—

For a long time I have wished to write you a few lines, letting you know of our joys and sorrows, of the Lord's work committed to our care. From year to year, we have endeavored to give you a summary of the whole year. Of course, this can only be in outline. We know the Lord keeps record on His tablet, and remembers things we gladly forget, and values them differently than we do. How patient He is with our lack of faithfulness!

As we look over the past year, Jeremiah 4.19-27 comes to mind. There the prophet of old listens, sees and feels the future ahead of him. Compassion fills his heart, as it filled the heart of Christ, when He wept over Jerusalem. He calls out: "My anguish, my anguish! I am pained at my heart; my heart is disquieted in me; I cannot hold my peace . . ." In a similar way our hearts have been moved by the flood of letters coming in, calling our attention to the moral, physical and psychical suffering all about us. Somebody called Switzerland "The Lord's beauty place." It is surrounded by a world of sickness, hunger, debris and ruins. It is only natural that from all sides appeals and urgent calls come to us to alleviate some of this gigantic need and suffering of the aftermath of war. What touches us so deeply is the fact that many of these letters come from believers among whom we labored for some twelve years. We formerly sat at their tables and slept in their homes, we knelt with them in prayer and shared our joys and sorrows together. Now they are without food, without clothes, without shelter, and, as far as their temporal hopes are concerned, completely ruined.

A venerable old saint, an editor of one of the finest Christian magazines, wrote me: "Never has the Book of Lamentations been understood as it is now." He gives Lamentations 4.8-9 as specially expressive of their position: "Their skin cleaveth to their bones; it is withered, it is become like a stick. They that are slain by the sword are better than they that are slain by hunger." Many mothers weigh only eighty pounds or less, because they are obliged to feed their scanty rations to their hungry children.

After having made appeals here and there for food, clothing and shoes, we are now capable of sending a larger shipment for distribution. For the most pressing cases we have sent, through agencies, some forty-six parcels of eleven pounds each with clothes, and more than eighty parcels, each with twenty-two pounds of food. Although we are well aware that this does not tip the balance seriously, we know that many believers will praise God and be encouraged in spirit, soul and body. The coming week, perhaps half a ton of food, clothing, shoes, Bibles, New Testaments, and tens of thousands of Gospel leaflets and pamphlets will go out. We rejoice that the Lord has made willing hearts to contribute, and we are able to pass on with our prayers and love to those in dire need. This past year has been one of the most active of our whole life. Only the top years in Poland could favorably compare with it.

Many friends have given us an encouraging lift. The stocks were replenished from England, the United States, Sweden and Finland. But as this was not enough, we were constantly obliged to print editions ourselves. Thus some 143,000 Gospel tracts have been printed here in Switzerland. We have been printing in German, French, Italian, Russian, and just now an edition of 30,000 Flemish tracts is in the making for Belgium. Some of these tracts are reprints, others are translations from the English, and some have been written by me. How often we were exercised to meet the bills! Praise God, ways and means have been provided. We are deeply humbled to realize how the Lord took care of us.

But not only the printed page was our Gospel objective. The most important task we still see in the oral ministry of the Gospel. Outside the regular service in the meetings, we have held two weeks of Bible teaching for young people. Eight weeks we spent in a series of Gospel meetings and evangelistic services. We found opportunity to preach the Gospel in twenty-seven towns and villages. So often we felt the definite quickening of the Holy Spirit, and we were comforted to know that many of God's saints remembered us in their prayers. The grace of our Lord Jesus was exceeding abundant. To Him who enabled us, we return thanks and honor and glory. To you all, we send our thanks in His Name. Yours in His service,

FRED AND MARTHA STETTLER

Paris, January 25, 1947.

Dear praying friends:—

In the midst of snow and hard winter the Christmas in Denmark always begins when the church-bell rings—work and preparation is over, everybody goes up to the house of the Lord, to worship and praise. And even here in Paris the custom holds—the bells rang and the church was filled, the people stood out in the hallway, from the diplomats to the laboring man, all were there. The lighted Christmas tree, the singing of carols, brought back memories and longings for loved ones and home.

We had a continual feast throughout the week. The Lord met our needs and enabled us to invite a group of students for Christmas dinner; and what a sweet fellowship it was, eating and drinking in the Name of the Lord, rejoicing together in the salvation that He had prepared for all the people, and the glory of Israel. When we closed with prayer, one of these dear young believers praised the Lord for the three homes He had given them—one in Madagascar, one now here in Paris, and the best one in heaven.

Whole Jewish families came—we had a green branch with four red candles, and as it is the time of the Feast of Lights, *Chanukah,* we began there and came to the true Light that lighteth every man coming into the world. We have some earnest seekers—the suffering of the past has done its work. Here is a Polish doctor, a pious Jew, with Hebrew as his mother-tongue, coming often with his little son held by the hand—a sweet, true picture of the old economy, when the father spoke to his child at the rising and the going out by the way. This doctor stood by and witnessed the burning of his father and mother, four sisters and brothers, and his whole being expresses sorrow and suffering. He has seen the meaning and centrality of the Cross.

And then the great family of a Rabbi, where I can go and come as I wish—it is like a solemn assembly, when the whole family, eight precious children, gather around the piano. The Rabbi plays, even composes, and they sing the Psalms of David and portions of the Prophets. Then I hold devotions, and all the children stand when I pray in His Name, and their sweet "Amen" means much to me. At the table they sing a great "Hallelujah" and the Rabbi asks me to give thanks to the Father. This is of the Lord, and wonderful.

The first days of the New Year I spent in the Ardeche Mountains. "With all thine heart and soul and mind" could be written over those days—some of the best I ever lived on this earth. What manner of love these people manifested—there is no power like holy love, ready to sacrifice all; it brought me to the manger of Bethlehem, to the song of the angels, to the deep meaning of Calvary—utter devotion.

We are again home in Paris, and happily engaged all the day. We have received 35,000 Gospels and many more tracts, and are sowing beside all waters. Last night in the subway, I gave a group of young people some reading-matter, and they paid attention and asked for more, and finally a fine-looking young man asked me for twenty Gospels and tracts for his comrades. God will honor His own word, as we pray, and continue therein with thanksgiving. We have just started a new class of young women, who never have had a Bible in their hands before, and know nothing about this treasure; and yet they seem to understand. We believe it is His preparation beforehand for the work: those whom He foreknows, He also will call.

There are so many more blessings, but we must close with praise to God for every one of you who have stood by, who have prayed and supported this work, which we desire shall be His own, and therefore to the praise of the glory of His grace.

Prayerfully, your fellow-worker in Christ,

TORDIS CHRISTOFFERSEN.

AND NOW, GOOD NEWS FROM THE HOME FRONT

St. Petersburg, Florida, December, 1946.

Dear Friends of Israel:—

The sure Word of God never fails. While it is the savour of death to the unbelieving, it is the savour of life to those who will believe. Let us pray and trust God for the salvation of the remnant of His people Israel.

It has been of real encouragement to me to be led to so many young Jewish folk here of recent weeks. Some of them are willing to discuss the claims of Christianity and to read at least portions of God's Word. Approaching a Jewish man and his wife not so long ago, I was invited to be seated on the bench with them. Soon the conversation led to the sacred writings. The man, delighted at the opportunity to discuss such matters, rose, and asking me to wait and visit with his wife, he explained that he would return in a little while to show me something. I ventured to remark on the brevity of the time before dusk, but that was not permitted to be a hindrance. It seemed that only a few minutes had elapsed when the dear man, a little breathless, again sat down beside us. He had hurried to his home, at least four blocks away, and brought back a small volume of the Old Testament in Hebrew, which he said had been his cherished possession for nearly fifty years! Unwrapping it, we turned to some of the passages, and he read them aloud. By the enabling of the gracious Holy Spirit I sought to show him their reference to Jesus, the Messiah. Could not these be of the remnant of Israel?

A trip to Tampa recently was blessed of the Lord. Discussions were possible with a number of shop-keepers, and literature was left with others. Thus about fourteen were reached in one day. May God "give the increase" soon, in answer to our united believing prayers, that His Word may not return unto Him void.

Sincerely yours in His glad service,

JEAN RHODE.

NEWS AND ANNOUNCEMENTS

"IN THE CAULDRON OF RUSSIA."—Under this title, the late great leader of the Evangelical Christians, Rev. I. S. Prokhanoff, set forth the story of his life. The book records forty-five years of Christian service in a land of oppression and persecution. Many of our friends have asked whether they could secure this fascinating autobiography, and we have had to answer, regretfully, that we had no more copies in stock, and that a reprint was not possible at this time. But, beginning in the March-April issue of THE EUROPEAN HARVEST FIELD, this noble story will appear in condensed serial form. To read it, even in summary, will be an unforgettable experience. Photographs, and some of the exquisite hymns written by Mr. Prokhanoff, will be included.

ACKNOWLEDGEMENTS FROM GERMANY AND POLAND.—Writing from Uslar, Solling (Germany), on December 9, 1946, our brother and associate, Pastor B. Goetze, speaks of receiving a food-parcel sent by us, and says: "The need of our refugees is so great that it cannot be described by human words. Most of them live 15 to 20 persons in a small room, surrounded by dirt, disorder, illness, and such moral misery that we must be afraid for the coming generation. It is very difficult to reach their hearts if we do not help them energetically with food and clothing." And from Chorzow, Poland, Mr. Jozef Mrozek reports the arrival of our gifts and of the magazine, saying, "With God's almighty help we were saved during this awful war and have begun our work afresh, but it will be several years till our life is normal." Will you not pray for these brothers? The American-European Fellowship is eager to help in satisfying their needs, as the Lord may permit.

TALL MEN OF BULGARIA.—A friend of missions has passed on to us a letter received from Rev. Peter Ilieff, of Plovdiv, Bulgaria, who is a travelling evangelist and editor of a religious magazine, "New Life." He asks for Scripture portions in Bulgarian, then adds: "My family is dressed practically in rags, because there is nothing on the market to buy. I have no relatives in the United States, but I believe there are many men with kind hearts and Christian understanding, who would be willing to send me some clothes, if told of my case. My son, who is a pastor, has a wife and two boys, four and seven years of age, who have no clothes and who have suffered much from undernourishment during the war. My other son, who in the beginning of 1944 married while he was still a student, lost his newly established home in March, 1944, when a bomb completely destroyed the house he lived in. My daughter has grown during the last years from girlhood to womanhood, but she has no clothes suited to the growth of her body. We are all tall people, six feet in height for the men and a proper match for that height for the women, but we shall appreciate any size of clothes, because we shall make them over to serve some useful and urgent need." Are there tall people among our readers, who could spare some used clothes that the Ilieffs would not have to alter? They should be sent to our home office, and marked "For Peter Ilieff."

ANOTHER PHILIP.—As Philip in the Book of Acts preached in Samaria, bringing "great joy in that city," so our beloved brother, Philip Manetz, preaches the Word of the Lord in the great city of New York. Years of persistent effort were crowned with success when, on December 13th, his wife Elfrieda and seven-year-old daughter Mary (whom he had not seen since she was six months old) arrived in New York City from Europe. We know that our readers will join us in congratulations to them in their great happiness together.

OUR LITERATURE TABLE.—We still have a few copies of each of the following: "With Christ in Soviet Russia," by Vladimir Marcinkovski, 50c; "The History of the Scofield Reference Bible," by Dr. Arno C. Gaebelein, 50c; "Will There Be a Millennium, When and How?" also by Dr. Gaebelein, 50c; "Greasy, the Robber: The Salvation of a Robber Band," translated by Rev. Charles Lukesh, 20c. The following leaflets are now available in quantity: "Out of the Depths" (the life-story of Rev. Philip Manetz), $1.00 a hundred; "Dancing Feet and an Aching Heart" (the life-story of Jean Rhode), 50c a hundred; "Planning for Tomorrow," 25c a hundred; Scripture Seals for your mail, 10c a hundred. Back numbers of THE EUROPEAN HARVEST FIELD, and our calendar blotters for 1947, will be sent free while the supply lasts. Grateful acknowledgement is made of the kindness of Mr. Irving Tenowitz, of the American Press, in printing ten thousand copies of the poem "Today! Today!" as his gift in memory of Rev. Norman J. Smith. These also will be sent free on request.

CLOTHING FOR THE BODY—THE BREAD OF LIFE FOR THE SOUL.—From our clothing depot comes an urgent appeal for more good used clothing of all kinds, also for donations of such articles as soap, soap powder, canned meats and vegetables. The address: American-European Fellowship, 168 William Street, New York 7, N. Y. Large shipments of Scriptures are also being sent abroad from this address. The costs for all this work are heavy, with so many large packages and bales going abroad; your prayerful cooperation will be earnestly appreciated.

ONE SECOND, PLEASE.—Will you help us to address letters and magazines accurately, by remembering to place the zone number on your mail? We all have a tendency, now that the war is over, to forget this detail, which takes only a second and expedites the safe delivery of mail. The Postoffice will appreciate your continued cooperation.

(Continued on next page)

AMERICAN-EUROPEAN FELLOWSHIP RECEIPTS

December, 1946, and January, 1947

December 1st

31107----$10.00
31108-----25.00
31109-----15.00
31110------2.00
31111----100.00
31112------5.00
31113-----10.00
31114-----10.00
31115-----10.00
31116-----12.00
31117-----10.00
31118------2.00
31119-----18.00
31120-----60.00
31121-----50.00
31122-----10.00
31123-----15.00
31124-----15.00
31125-----10.00
31126-----75.00
31127------3.00
31128-----50.00
31129------2.00
31130-----10.00
31131-----10.00
31132------5.00
31133-----10.00
31134------5.00
31135-----25.00
31136-----20.00
31137-----15.00
31138------2.00
31139------1.00
31140-----65.00
31141------6.00
31142-----20.00
31143-----11.00
31144------5.00
31145----$10.00
31146------1.00
31147-----40.00
31148------7.25
31149-----11.00
31150------5.00
31151-----25.00
31152------5.00
31153----100.00
31154-----10.00
31155------1.00
31156------5.00
31157------2.00
31158-----10.00
31159------5.00
31160------1.00
31161------6.00
31162------5.00
31163-----10.00
31164------5.00
31165-----50.00
31166-----25.00
31167-----18.00
31168------1.00
31169-----50.00
31170-----20.20
31171------2.00
31172------7.48
31173-----15.00

January 1st

31174-----35.00
31175-----15.00
31176------2.00
31177------5.00
31178-----75.00
31179-----10.00
31180-----20.00
31181------1.00
31182----$10.00
31183------2.00
31184-----25.00
31185-----50.00
31186-----15.00
31187-----10.00
31188-----17.00
31189-----75.00
31190-----15.00
31191-----10.00
31192------2.00
31193------5.00
31194------2.00
31195-----50.00
31196-----10.00
31197------8.00
31198------7.00
31199------5.00
31200------6.00
31201-----10.00
31202------5.00
31203-----10.00
31204------1.50
31205------5.00
31206------3.00
31207------2.00
31208------5.00
31209------5.00
31210------1.00
31211-----50.00
31212-----10.00
31213------8.00
31214-----10.00
31215----100.00
31216-----25.00
31217------2.00
31218-----50.00
31219-----80.00
31220-----10.00
31221-----10.00
31222-----$1.00
31223-------.10
31224------2.00
31225-----11.10
31226-----50.00
31227-----50.00
31228-----10.00
31229------1.00
31230-----75.00
31231------5.00
31232------2.00
31233------1.00
31234------5.00
31235------3.00
31236-----12.00
31237-----16.00
31238-----20.00
31239-----10.00
31240-----11.00
31241------9.80
31242-----35.00
31243-------.20
31244-----20.00
31245-----40.00
31246-----10.00
31247-----10.00
31248------5.00
31249-----10.00
31250------7.02
31251------5.00
31252------5.00
31253-------.10
31254-----25.00
31255------5.00
31256------2.00
31257-----11.00
31258-----20.00
31259------1.00
31260-----20.00
31261-----50.00

The First National Bank in Yonkers is depositary for all gifts.

For God is not unrighteous to forget your work and labour of love, which ye have shewed toward his name, in that ye have ministered to the saints, and do minister. And we desire that every one of you do shew the same diligence to the full assurance of hope unto the end: that ye be not slothful, but followers of them who through faith and patience inherit the promises.--Hebrews 6.10-12.

CARE.--As announced in previous numbers of THE EUROPEAN HARVEST FIELD, the price of the twenty-nine-pound food package, sent by CARE to Europe, has been reduced from $15.00 to $10.00. Packing, shipping, insurance, and guaranteed delivery to the specific European address are included in the cost. Write to CARE (Cooperative for American Remittances to Europe, Inc.), 50 Broad Street, New York 4, N. Y. Or send your remittance and the address to the American-European Fellowship, and we will place the order for you. A number of our readers have availed themselves of this offer during the past two months.